

VOL. VI.

A TERRIBLE SECRET

The Curse of the Morelands.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"You'll excuse me, I am sure, Mr. Moreland," resumed the host, as he filled the glass of his guest a second time, "for asking you to my table without having had the honor of a previous acquaintance."

"No excuses are necessary, my dear sir," returned Radd, beginning to feel a little more at ease, although a tremor still shook him every time his gaze encountered the sleek Hindoo hovering behind the master's chair. "I—I am delighted to make your acquaintance, sir."

"Then permit me to ring at once for our supper," said the host, touching a silver-toned bell placed near him. "For my part, I am impatient to do it justice, Tipoo!"

The Hindoo hastened to open the kitchen door, at a nod from his master, when a tall and robust Bengalese woman came into the dining-room, bearing a large tray which contained all the essentials of a repast of several covers, including the fine loin of roast beef whose appetizing odors had previously fixed Radd's attention.

To describe the wild stare of the startled Tipoo is no easy matter.

The huge, massive, gleaming gold on the fingers and in the ears of the East Indian woman, the flaming bandana towering upon her head, her tawny complexion; the deep, liquid blackness of her eyes; and the weird blending of colors displayed by the folds of her ample robe—all gave Radd a sense of mingled wonder and terror.

He could only continue to stare as Tipoo gave his assistance to the newcomer, and the couple proceeded, with a celerity as wonderful as their silence, to arrange upon the table a repast that would have tempted the most indifferent Sybarite.

"Of course you will try the roast beef, Mr. Moreland?" remarked the host, as he seized a carving-knife and fork and proceeded to carve the loin. "What is your preference?"

"I am not at all particular, sir," replied Radd, pinching his hands at the mere sight of the table, to be sure that he was not dreaming. "A little bit of the fat with an outside piece, if it's just as handy."

"Ah, well done, then?" returned the host as he helped his guest. "Our tastes agree perfectly. Rattle, the vegetables!"

Host and guest were quickly helped to everything they desired, and the manner of the former continued so kind and attentive that Radd readily assented to the demands of his appetite, as sharpened by the glass of wine he had taken, and began gazing at the table with a look of contentment that had been so strangely placed before him.

Little more was said, in fact, until the appetite of the host and guest had been in a great measure appeased, but not once did Radd find the Hindoo and the Bengalese woman near him, in the attentive service they gave him, without a profound nervous tremor, so deeply was he impressed by their appearance and manner.

As the meal progressed, however, the generous East India wine Radd continued to imbibe did not fail of its due effects, and gradually he grew calmer and less apprehensive, at length going so far as to laugh heartily at some of the pleasant observations of his host.

"I am glad to see you feeling more at home with me," remarked the latter, after one of these fits of laughter. "You seemed at first quite startled at my presence at the Elms!"

"So I was, sir," returned Radd, "and I am likely to remain so if you do not do me the honor of telling me who you are!"

"What! are you ignorant of my identity?"

"As much so, I confess, as if my eyes never had the pleasure of resting upon you."

"Why, I am the very man of whom you were speaking not long ago to Vance Wyewille."

"What—what man?"

"Mr. Chapman."

Radd started, pushing his chair back from the table, and looking as if his supper had suddenly soured upon his stomach.

"The husband of your niece, you know," pursued the host, with a singular smile.

Radd withdrew still further, staring at his entertainer with wild, blood-shot eyes.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Chapman, the master of a three-masted schooner which trades between Chicago and Buffalo," continued the host, as his strange smile deepened. "I have had a terrible quarrel with Jesse, and am not likely to visit this neighborhood again for some time to come, but you and I will always be good friends, Mr. Moreland."

Radd uttered a suppressed shriek, carrying his hands to his head.

He comprehended it all, or at least thought he did.

He was hallucinated—the sport of a hideous illusion.

He was being punished for lying.

He was taking supper with a phantom.

"Help! murder!" he cried, running his fingers through his hair and springing to his feet. "I've got 'em again!"

The host made a gesture to Tipoo, who hastened to ignite something resembling an ordinary parlor match and pass it under Radd's nose.

The next instant the guest reeled, and would have fallen headlong if Tipoo had not received him in his strong arms and lowered him gently to the floor.

It must have been some ten minutes later when Radd recovered his consciousness and opened his eyes.

He found himself in total darkness, and could not at first make out where he was or what had happened.

Gaining his feet, he groped aimlessly about a few moments, and then lighting a match, surveyed his surroundings.

He was still in the dining-room, but he saw not the least reminder of the feast at which he had so recently been a guest.

Lights, dishes, eatables, the host, Tipoo, and the Bengalese woman—all had vanished!

The dining-table was in its accustomed place, but its cloth had been removed, and there was not a dish upon it! Confused and even terrified, Radd took his way to the sitting-room, in which had so recently taken place the interview he had had with Vance Wyewille.

A light was still burning there precisely as he had left it at the moment of directing his steps toward the cellar.

As he recognized this fact, he carried his hand to his pocket, discovering with a keen satisfaction that his bottle of Yquem was quite safe.

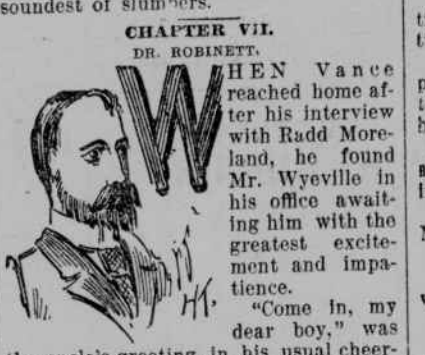
He hastened to open the wine and swallow a liberal quantity of it, with the air of a man who is conscious of being in a terrible situation.

"What a narrow escape!" he muttered, with a prolonged sigh of relief. "I never had a worse touch of the tremens. Blue spirits and gray! Did any man ever have a worse alcoholic imp than that Hindoo couple? And that Mr. Chapman! What a singular hallucination that such a phantom should claim to be a reality, repeating all the moment for Wyewille's benefit! 'Fearsomely and wonderfully made!' Well, I should think so! How real it all seemed! I really felt as if I had been eating. I can even taste that wonderful jelly that was served with the beef." And he smacked his lips critically.

Grasping the bottle he had produced from his pocket, he extinguished the light in the sitting-room and took his way up-stairs to the elegant guest-chamber in which he had passed the previous night.

"The best cure for a touch of the tremens, or even for such an awful attack as that," he muttered, "is to drink moderately, and I'll accordingly finish this bottle and turn in!"

The thought was duly acted upon, and within a few minutes the distinguished breather of the intruder announced that he had already lost himself in the soundest of slumbers.



CHAPTER VII.
DR. ROBINETT.

WHEN Vance reached home after his interview with Radd Moreland, he found Mr. Wyewille in his office awaiting him with a look of excitement and impatience.

"Come in, my dear boy," was the uncle's greeting, in his usual cheerful voice. "I was never in such a hurry to see you!"

"Indeed?" returned Vance, as he dropped wearily into a chair. "What's up?"

Instead of replying, Mr. Wyewille bestowed a very earnest scrutiny upon the countenance before him, as if he had suddenly remarked that there was something wrong about it.

"It looks to me as if a word from you might be just in order," he said. "Where have you been, who have you seen, and what has left you such a state? Are you ill?"

"No, uncle—simply disgusted," answered the young doctor. "I have been having an interview with Radd Moreland."

"Ah, he's turned up, then? Where?"

"You could never guess where, and so I shall have to tell you. He is quartered at the Elms!"

"What! In the absence of Mrs. Moreland and Jessie?"

"It is because of that absence that he is in possession," explained Vance. "In other terms he is an intruder. He effected an entrance by breaking a glass, so that he could be made to suffer for his lawlessness if his relatives cared to arrest him."

"But of course they don't!"

"Not for worlds would they touch him," declared Vance. "And the discovery of this man at the Elms throws a flood of light upon the sudden departure of Mrs. Moreland and Jessie in their sleep last evening. They have gone away to get rid of him, uncle, rather than because they had any apprehensions of our visit."

"And so you have talked with the rascal? Give me an idea of the interview."

The young physician proceeded to do so, while Mr. Wyewille lighted a cigar with his usual air of getting ready for business.

"Yes, Radd is at the Elms without the knowledge of the ladies," was the conclusion to which the uncle instantly came. "There is danger, of course, that he will burn the place in one of his drunken bouts, but we are not authorized to expel him, and if we were we could not execute the task without creating an uproar that is more to be dreaded than death. You did quite right to leave him in possession, without a hint of the attentions we are in duty bound to give him. He didn't tell you, after all, where Mrs. Moreland and Jessie are?"

"No, uncle. After I got back of the game he was playing, I concluded to depend upon my own exertions in this respect. I have no hesitation in saying, however, that the ladies are at no great distance. I remember hearing them speak of their summer visits to an island down the lake, a rude, rustic spot enough, which was selected because it responded to their desire for solitude, and I think it more than likely that they are paying this return visit."

"What are they doing there?"

"What they are!" exclaimed Mr. Wyewille. "I would not hesitate a moment to write them about the conduct of this man. It might even be well to telegraph. But in the absence of their actual address, what can be done?"

"Perhaps we can get their new address at the postoffice," suggested Vance. "Mr. Sheen will certainly be able to give it if they remain absent any length of time. Let's see. I've heard them speak of that place. It is very like Egg Harbor."

"Ah! I have it," cried the uncle, with a flush of jubilation. "It's Egg Island; and the nearest postoffice—the one at which we must address the ladies—is Port Norris."

Vance drew a sigh of relief.

"Then we're all right," he said. "You can do no less, uncle, than write to Mrs. Moreland, and ask her what are her wishes concerning this intruder. She had better write to-night, so that the letter will go in the morning."

"All right, Vance; I will do so. And now to come back to my discoveries. There's light on the horizon at last, my dear nephew."

"I'm glad to hear it, uncle. Let's have a few beams of it."

Mr. Wyewille picked up a large octavo he had been poring over in his nephew's absence, and as he seized the book he said under the latter's gaze.

"Did you know you were the fortunate owner of this book?" he demanded.

Vance read the title, as follows: "Dr. Geo. Robinett, on Defective and Redundant Limbs and Other Malformations." Mr. Wyewille breathlessly awaited his answer.

"Yes, uncle, I was aware the work is in the library, but that is about all," was the nephew's response. "It is one of the many volumes bequeathed to me by Dr. Rathby, and also one of many that I have never found time to open."

"Then I have a great surprise for you," exclaimed Mr. Wyewille, as he drew up a chair and sat down near his nephew, turning the leaves of the volume almost affectionately. "But first a word about the book and its author. It was published in London three years ago. Its author, as you are probably aware by its title, is one of the most distinguished doctors now living in the British Empire."

"It ought to be good," declared Vance, taking the volume and running its pages inquiringly under his thumb. "Dr. Robinett's name is familiar to me as that of a prominent specialist, but I was not aware until now that he is renowned in this particular field."

"Oh! he's the most renowned man in it," assured Mr. Wyewille, as he resumed possession of the book, and opened it at a page in which he had previously placed a bookmark.

"It seems," it seems that Dr. Robinett is a French birth, notwithstanding the English form of his name. I learn, too, from the publishers' account of him, that he has resided many years in India, although he occasionally returns to his 'native heath' for a few months or a year or two."

"You have been looking over the book in my absence, I suppose, uncle?" queried Vance.

"Exactly."

"Then give me a brief resume of it?"

"Impossible! It would take me all night to give you any just idea of it," protested Mr. Wyewille. "Such cases as it contains! Such a fund of historical information!"

"Then give me an account of the particular case which has fixed your attention!"

"All right, my dear boy, but you must prepare to be astonished. The truth is there is a case here which I believe to be that of Mrs. Moreland and Jessie!"

The young doctor started and faced about abruptly in his chair under the impression that he had not heard aright.

"Did you say the case of Jessie and Mrs. Moreland?" he demanded.

The uncle assented.

"And you find the same in a medical work published in London?"

"Exactly."

"But there must be some mistake, uncle."

"Not a bit of it."

"But they are not mentioned by name," continued Vance who was now in such an excited state of mind that he could not help extending his hand for the volume.

"No, Vance," replied Mr. Wyewille, withdrawing the book beyond the reach of his nephew. "They are quoted in a usual fashion of such reports, under a number. They happen to be 'case 33,' and for me, at least, this is the most interesting in the volume."

"But how can the case of Jessie and her mother have been reported to Dr. Robinett?" pursued Vance.

"In the simplest manner imaginable," declared the uncle. "To begin with, the case came to the notice of Dr. Rathby, who was your predecessor, or who died in this very house. Well, with or without your knowledge, Dr. Rathby was a correspondent and honorary fellow of the Royal Medical Society of London, and long been in correspondence with Dr. Robinett. It was Rathby, therefore, who reported this remarkable case, and it was published by Robinett solely upon the authority of his American correspondent."

"I see, uncle. But what is the case, and what are its features?"

"Why, it seems that the girl and her mother have deformed hands," explained Mr. Wyewille. "The affliction has been transmitted during several generations, and is spoken of as the 'withered' or 'skeleton' hand. It consists in a general atrophy of the members, or in a stunted and arrested development of the same. Originally, no doubt, there was some cause for the infirmity, but it is now perpetuated by sheer morbidness and anxiety. As we have seen for ourselves, Vance, there is nothing to be done, except to prevent that they shrink from showing them to the public, and hence those black gloves which have been such a puzzle."

"But why need they be so sensitive on the subject?" queried Vance. "And especially why need they let so trifling a blemish stand in the way of their happiness?"

"Er—Mr. Wyewille could reply a carriage came whirling up to the young doctor's door, with that air of importance which the drivers of such vehicles know so well how to give themselves when they have a fare who is presumed to be worthy of their best efforts."

"Ah, for us evidently," ejaculated Mr. Wyewille, after listening to the slamming of the door of the carriage and the opening of the door of the carriage and the opening of the door of the carriage.

"Some stranger from a distance, in all probability, who has come by the 10:30 train."

A succession of heavy footsteps resounded upon the walk, and soon came to a halt at the door, where the newcomer rang for admittance.

Vance and his uncle both hastened to receive him, the farmer's boy having been dismissed for the night, and such was his commanding and pleasing manner that they did not hesitate a single instant about inviting him in.

"I hope I have made no mistake, gentlemen," said the distinguished-looking stranger, as he released the hand of Mr. Wyewille after a hearty shake, and fixed an eagle-like glance upon Vance. "You are Doctor Wyewille?"

The young physician inclined himself profoundly, while Mr. Wyewille hastened to place a chair at the newcomer's disposal.

"Then I shall have the pleasure of finishing his journey of some twelve thousand miles," announced the stranger, as he roused but kindly face lighted up eloquently with a vivid sense of satisfaction. "I have caused somewhere on my person, but I seldom enter upon a search for them, it is so much easier to tell you in so many words that I am Doctor George Robinett, of India."

"Robinett?" cried the nephew in chorus, with such much excitement as if they had found a long-lost brother.

"Yes, that's my name. But what's the matter? Why are you so excited about it?"

"Simply because we were discussing you and one of your works at the very moment of your arrival, Doctor," explained Vance, as he seized the hand of his famous colleague and shook it heartily.

"Indeed? Well, I am pleased to find

that I am not unknown in America, and that I am among friends," declared Dr. Robinett, as he seated himself. "The driver told me as I came from the station that this is the property which belonged to my correspondent of other days, Dr. Rathby!"

"Such is indeed the case, sir," acknowledged Vance, with a new glow of pleasure. "Need I say how pleased and honored I am to have you as my guest? Let me show you to a room at once and give orders for supper!"

"The room—yes, my young friend, after a few minutes, for I am as tired as a dog; but I shall not need anything in the way of food and drink until morning," was Dr. Robinett's response.

"Here is a letter of introduction, by the way, from a very dear friend of mine, who says that he does not have the honor of being personally acquainted with you, but who at the same time assures me that you know a great deal about him through his sister, and that you will be pleased to honor all his demands upon you."

"Ah, you refer to Colonel Barton Ridley, the distinguished millionaire merchant of Calcutta?" interrupted Vance.

"I do, sir! Here's the Colonel's letter!"

"I will read it to you with pleasure, Doctor Robinett," returned Vance, with the true delicacy characteristic of him, as he pocketed the letter, "and it is needless to say that any demand or suggestions of Colonel Ridley will be instantly and fully honored. Permit me to add, however, that Robinett, that your place in my home and heart has been won by your own great merits."

"There! there!" returned Dr. Robinett, raising his hand deprecatingly. "You must not spoil me in this fashion, the more especially as you will henceforth have me as a neighbor, and possibly as a professional rival!"

This last suggestion was made with a genial smile, which presented the speaker under his best aspects and characteristics.

He had reached his sixtieth year, although he scarcely looked his age, and was powerfully built without ceasing to possess a lithe and athletic frame. His bearing was particularly refined, and his glances as kindly as searching.

"What you tell us is too good to be true," cried Vance. "You are really serious?"

"Entirely so. Being obliged to leave India definitely, on account of a liver complaint, I have purchased the Whitcomb property, at Colonel Ridley's suggestion, through Potter & Carpenter, and am to have immediate possession. A fine property, is it not?"

"One of the finest in America, Dr. Robinett," replied Vance; "that is, of the price at which it has been held. Of course, Colonel Ridley was able to speak of it from his personal knowledge and observation."

"Yes, and he also said he would be glad to take it off my hands at any time at the price I pay for it. The truth is, the Colonel was closing up his affairs in India at latest accounts, as you will learn by his letter, and he may now be expected here from one day to another."

"Indeed? To remain permanently?" queried Vance.

"His very idea. The Colonel has never married, you see," exclaimed Dr. Robinett, "and he is life with his sister and remainder of his life with his sister and remainder of his life with his sister."

"It is owing to the Colonel's perils, in fact, that I have come to America instead of returning to my old home in England. The truth is, he and I have been the best of friends ever since his advent in India twenty years ago, and I saw no other way to retain his companionship than to take up my abode near his new home."

Vance and his uncle both expressed their joyous satisfaction at all this information, and occasion was now found for the presentation of the latter to Dr. Robinett in due form.

"You are not a doctor, then?" was almost the first direct question of the renowned visitor.

"No, Dr. Robinett, I am sorry to say, except in the sense that I occasionally give my nephew a little amateur zeal in his line," declared Mr. Wyewille, smiling. "The most I can claim is to have a great deal of respect for the science of medicine, and also, at this time a strong personal interest in it."

"Why, how is that?" queried Dr. Robinett. "The fact that your nephew is practicing it, I suppose?"

"Yes, Doctor, and also the fact that he is just now called upon to perform a miracle in his line, or to make a miracle. Allusion has been made already to Mrs. Moreland and her daughter. Well, my nephew has fallen in love with this girl, but she has refused him because of a morbid sensitiveness about some personal defect or blemish, and—"

"Bravo!" interrupted Dr. Robinett, with a vivid flash of delight. "It seems I've dropped down here square-footed like a cat tossed in a blanket! Just in time, in fact, to set all to rights!"

"What do you mean, Doctor?" cried Vance.

"Simply that I have been sent here by Colonel Ridley with special instructions to give my best professional attention to Mrs. Moreland and her daughter! It is owing to the Colonel's anxieties and hopes on this very point, gentlemen, that I am standing in your presence at this moment!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Carl Prentiss's Philosophy.

Der mishook of a minoot may git you a barrel of unhappiness so long vat you do!

Do's foolishness to ask der Lord to keep you from shartain for a load of wood. He don't vas in der coal pishness.

You cood vhere a shmile and your heart vas pooty gwick broke open. Dot rain out bow vas looking pooty vell in der shky oop, but yooat pelow dot vas der awful sad cryin of der seashore.

National Weekly.

The New South.

The census returns show surprising gains for some of the Southern States, notably Arkansas and Texas, each of which will increase their Congressional representation under the new apportionment. Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, has grown in population and wealth at a lively pace. It is one of the hustling, bustling cities of the South. Among the buildings of note in process of construction there are an Exposition Palace and a Masonic Temple, to cost, respectively, \$100,000 and \$75,000.

WINDMILLS were not known in England at the conquest, but were introduced in less than a century afterward.

The present moment is a powerful

THE NEWS.

The jury in the Mead murder case, at Waukegan, Wisconsin, after a brief charge by Judge Bardeen, and in twenty-four minutes returned a verdict of not guilty as to all of the defendants, Sam Stout, Charles A. Prior and Edwin C. Bronson. The Aspen, Col., miners have appealed to Grand Master Workman Powderly to unite the laboring classes in their interest in the free-silver people.

Agents Thompson and Calder, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, appeared in court at Tacoma, Wash., to answer to the indictment by the United States grand jury for cutting rates contrary to the inter-state commerce law. Both entered pleas of "not guilty," and their trial was set for November.

In the United States Court at Atlanta, Ga., the attorney for the Central Trust Company filed a bill to foreclose a fourteen million five hundred thousand dollar mortgage on the Georgia Pacific Railroad. This is part of a reorganization scheme. Wm. La Forge, of Kingston, N. Y., is charged with murdering his young wife. Henry A. Hoffman, of Pittsburg, Pa., a successful inventor, committed suicide while troubled with melancholia. Wm. Dixon, an evangelist, was arrested in New Brunswick, N.J., on a charge of assault. Three young men, sons of Frank Lundgren, of Geneva, Ill., aged, respectively, fifteen, twenty and twenty-two, were drowned in Green river by the capsizing of a boat.

Senator Edward B. Osborne, of the Fifth New York District, died in Albany.

In a battle between strikers and non-union miners at Weir City, Kan., a number on both sides were injured. By the explosion of a can of naptha in J. D. Campbell's factory in Brooklyn, four persons were killed.

Patrick Gallagher confessed to Warden Wright, of the Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary, that the statement he made Wednesday to the district attorney was false, and that he, Dempsey, Beatty and Davidson were guilty as indicted. The closing door of the various cotton mills in New England is a precautionary measure to prevent the accumulation of goods during the autumn.

Large consignments of Sumatra tobacco, which was under valued, was seized at Philadelphia. Rodney Gray, a notorious negro tough and gambler at Paducah, Ky., snatched a sum of money from one of five men and attempted to run away. He was overtaken and literally beaten or but her'd to death in a ravine near the city limits. Maggie and Emma Pixler were killed in Pittsburg by a trolley car.

At Pittsburg Mrs. Tim Laughlin tried to start her kitchen fire, using oil as kindling. A terrific explosion followed. The roof of the kitchen was blown off, and Mrs. Laughlin was covered with burning oil. Her husband succeeded in extinguishing the fire, but not until his wife had been fatally burned.

At Manchester, N. H., the Namasse bag mills closed. Some girls in Edison's lamp works, at Newark, N. J., struck for higher wages. The Lark Allee Road arrived at the Delaware Breakwater with yellow fever aboard. Joseph De Poyster, a noted gambler, was killed in Ohio county, Ky., by an unknown miner. The body of Mrs. Henry Bailey, one of the Sutherland Sisters, was buried at Lookport, N. Y. At Indianapolis, Lopez Munagha, a worthless and dissolute elgarnaker, shot his divorced wife's sister, Miss Mary Winsch, and then killed himself. At Lawrence, Mass., Gates Hall fatally shot Abram Mills. The remains of Anthony J. Drexel were buried in Woodlands Cemetery, near Philadelphia. The residence of John Ulrich, of North Fairmount, Ohio, was burned by the explosion of a gasoline stove, and Mr. Ulrich was fatally burned while his wife and five-year-old child were seriously injured. A large number of people indicted at Paterson, N. Y., charged with fraud in reference to a court-house site.

Negroes near Noddyville, Mo., having been warned to leave the country by whites, will stay to defend their rights, and are arming.

Isaac Jenkins, colored, was left for dead on a tree by a lynch party near Beaumont, Station, Va., but despite his wounds was able to cut himself down and crawl to Norfolk.

The body of a twelve-year-old, Charles Langford, of St. Paul, who mysteriously disappeared a year ago, was found in a one hundred and fifty foot tunnel which the boy had burrowed near his father's home.

The unidentified bodies of a boy and a middle-aged man were found near Wharton, I. T., near the railroad, riddled with bullets, probably put in them on Sunday. Their team grazed near by.

Conrad Btizer, Jr., furniture dealer at Lima, O., has failed. The assets will probably exceed the liabilities.

The McNamara Dry Goods Company, of Denver, one of the largest houses in the West, was closed on attachment.

The steamer Emily was wrecked in Coos Bay, Ohio, and while drifting into the breakers, had her passengers and crew rescued, with one exception, by the life-saving crew. Charles Robinson was washed overboard.

THE COLD STORAGE FIRE.

A Coroner's Jury Holds Four Men Responsible for the Disaster.

After its prolonged investigation the coroner's jury investigating the World's Fair cold storage calamity, reached a verdict. The jury held for the grand jury the following persons:

D. H. Burnham, director of works at the World's Fair; Fire Marshal Edward Murphy, of the World's Fair fire department; J. B. Shinner, president of the Hercules Iron Company, and Charles A. McDonald, secretary and treasurer of the Hercules Iron Company.

The hearing of the evidence was concluded at 3:25 p. m., when Coroner McHale gave the cases to the jury. The jury reached its conclusion much more quickly than the time they were out would indicate, as there were sixteen depositions, the causes of which they were called to consider and each represented a separate case. The verdict was the same in all the cases and read as follows:

We, the jury, find that the deceased came to their deaths from injuries and burns received at a fire of the cold storage building at the World's Fair grounds on July 9, 1893, and we, the jury, find from the evidence presented that Charles A. McDonald, John R. Shinner, D. H. Burnham and Edward W. Murphy be held to the grand jury for criminal negligence, and there held until discharged by the course of law.

The State of Georgia will spend \$1,063,651.81 for the public schools this year; more than ever before in its history.

THE OLD DOMINION.

A Day's Happenings as Told By the Wires.

ATROCIOUS WIFE-MURDER.

Nottoway's Big Day—Terminal Reorganization—Big Fire in North Danville—Court of Appeals Decisions—Miss Eugenia Hendren Dead.

An atrocious murder was committed about two miles from Dublin. Mrs. Nancy J. Taylor had her brains beaten out with an axe between 1 and 2 o'clock. A coroner's jury was summoned by Justice James H. Crell and a thorough investigation made. Dr. James D. Stearns made an examination of the body and discovered three distinct wounds on the head causing general fracture of the skull, the bedding and wall of the room being splattered with blood and brains. The evidence shows that the woman and her husband, William Taylor, did not live peacefully together and have quarreled recently.

Several of the children testified to an especially angry quarrel last Saturday, in which she threatened to leave him. He was occupying a bed in the same room with his wife, and a child was sleeping with her. Two larger children were sleeping up-stairs and were aroused by the noise. He sent them to the neighbors with the statement that some one had struck their mother. They state that she was then upon the floor with her head bleeding. On their return she was on the bed dead, with her skull smashed in.

Taylor denies that she ever got out of the bed, and contradicts the boy and girl in their statements. His statement is that he was awakened by the little girl in bed with the mother screaming; got up, lit the lamp, heard some one running off; went to the bed; his wife never spoke, moved, or raised up in bed. He called the boy and girl from upstairs. Never touched his wife at all; didn't try to rouse her; didn't get out of the house until morning, but walked about the house while the children were gone.

A search of Taylor's person showed, on removing his coat, vest, and pants, blood on drawers and splashed on shirt and collar. A bloody axe was found in the yard outside the house. The girl had testified the axe was in the doorway when she left for the neighbors, and was gone when she came back. Nothing was disturbed in the house.

The jury rendered a verdict that Nancy J. Taylor came to her death by blows from an axe in the hands of her husband, William Taylor. Taylor was committed to await the action of the grand jury, and is now in Newbern jail.

A Great Day in Nottoway.

Thursday was the biggest day in the history of Nottoway county. The occasion of the demonstration was the unveiling of a monument erected by the Confederate Memorial Association of that county to commemorate the valor and heroic courage of the Confederate soldiers who went into the war from that county and who were either killed in battle or died in service. The monument is at the county courthouse and occupies a site where the scenery around is picturesque and almost mountainous. The monument is of Georgia marble, Cherokee grade, and is about eighteen feet high, a shaft of about twelve feet, surmounted by a Confederate soldier at a parade rest.

An early hour hundreds of people were to be seen coming to the courthouse for miles around, some on foot and others in all kinds of vehicles, to witness and take part in the interesting exercises. Ex-Governor Fitzhugh Lee, who had been selected as the orator of the occasion, arrived about 1 o'clock in the afternoon on the train from the west and was met at the station by a military escort consisting of the Nottoway Cavalry, Nottoway Greys, of Blackstone, and A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans of Petersburg. As the ex-governor alighted from the train a salute was sounded on a gayly-caparisoned steed and he was cheered vociferously by the crowd all along the line of march from the railway station to the courthouse.

He acknowledged the compliment by lifting his hat.

The unveiling took place about half past 2 o'clock and the crowd which witnessed it could not have been less than five thousand people. The veil was removed by Miss Sallie Iry, a very pretty and attractive young lady and a daughter of Captain Richard Iry, who during the late war commanded the Nottoway Greys, company G, Eighteenth Virginia Regiment. As the veil was removed the crowd cheered themselves hoarse.

Ex-Governor Lee was next introduced and delivered the unveiling address, which was one of his finest efforts. He spoke for one hour and ten minutes and had the undivided attention of his hearers. He was followed by Judge W. H. Mann, one of the most prominent lawyers in the State. Speeches were also made by other distinguished speakers. The unveiling ceremonies were followed by an entertainment, given by Mr. Folk Miller's Quartette, of Richmond. At night a grand german was given at the Hotel Nottoway, which concluded the historic day.

Terminal Reorganization.

Judge Goff, sitting at Baltimore in chambers of the United States Circuit Court for Eastern District of Virginia and acting under a bill filed by the Central Trust Company, of New York, has appointed Samuel Spencer, F. W. Huidekoper and Ruben Foster as receivers of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company and leased lines. Samuel Spencer is the representative of Drexel, Morgan & Co., of New York, and his appointment is a move in the interest of the reorganization by that house. Each of the receivers was required to give bond with approved security for \$100,000. The application for foreclosure was based upon a petition for foreclosure of Richmond and Danville 5 per cent. bonds. Judge Goff passed the necessary order and appointed the three trustees named. Messrs. Foster and Huidekoper were appointed receivers by Judge Bond under the original C. & D. proceedings. Their appointment was necessary. In making the appointment the court rattles and

confirms all the acts of Huidekoper and Foster, the old receivers, the order being specially guarded in this respect. The next step to be taken will be foreclosure under the general consolidated mortgage and sale of the property.

Mr. Samuel Spencer, will also be appointed a co-receiver of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad Company this week. President Walter G. Oakman will be retained as Receiver of the Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse Company.

Virginia Court of Appeals.

The Virginia Court of Appeals rendered the following decisions: Hill vs. Postley, from the Corporation Court of Bristol, decree affirmed; opinion by Judge Lewis. Moore & Hibbert vs. Green et al., from Smythe county, decree affirmed; opinion by Judge Lewis. Moorman et al. vs. Crockett et al., from Wythe county, decree affirmed; opinion by Judge Lacy. King vs. King, from Wythe county, decree reversed; opinion of Judge Lacy. King vs. Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, from Washington county, judgment affirmed; opinion by Judge Fauntleroy. Denton vs. Taylor, from Tazewell county, decree affirmed; opinion by Judge Hinton. Norfolk and Western Railroad Company vs. Thomas's administrator, from Pulaski county, judgment affirmed; opinion by Judge Hinton. Judge Lacy dissenting. Harry Rogers vs. the Commonwealth, from the Corporation Court of the City of Norfolk, writ of error and supersedeas awarded, Chapman vs. Jewett, writ of error and supersedeas awarded to a judgment of the Circuit Court of Chesterfield county. Norton's administrator vs. Smead et al., from Alexandria city; appeal refused. Oliver Craft vs. the Commonwealth, from the Circuit Court of Pittsylvania county; writ of error refused.

Fire in North Danville.

A disastrous fire occurred in the residence portion of North Danville, beginning about five o'clock, and destroying four residences. The buildings were occupied by Captain D. A. Tyree, T. D. Seabury, J. H. Patrick and W. T. Keeling. North Danville being without a fire department and water works, and a high wind prevailing at the time, all the buildings within reach were at the mercy of the flames. The fire started in the residence of Captain D. A. Tyree, upon which carpenters were at work, and so rapid was the progress of the flames that Mrs. Tyree and children and the carpenters had a narrow escape. Captain Tyree lost all his furniture and clothing. The Presbyterian Church caught fire several times, but was saved by the hook-and-ladder brigade of the Danville fire department. T. D. Seabury, J. H. Patrick and W. T. Keeling saved their furniture. The houses occupied by the latter were owned by B. F. Jefferson. The total loss is between \$12,000 and \$15,000; total insurance, \$7,000.

To Repeal the Sherman Law.

At the mass-meeting of the Democratic party of Fredericksburg, to elect delegates to the State convention, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved by the democratic party of Fredericksburg, Va., in mass-meeting assembled, That the pledges of the democratic platform at Chicago should be carried out by the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law."

Resolutions were unanimously adopted endorsing Colonel O'Ferrall for Governor and Hon. W. A. Little, Jr., of this city, for attorney-general.

The following delegates to the State democratic convention were elected in Stafford county: Dan. Houston, Withers Walker, D. M. Lee, W. H. Hollins, W. J. Jacobs, C. J. Charters, G. M. Weeden. The delegation for Governor stands three for O'Ferrall, three for Tyler, one non-commitment. Resolution was unanimously adopted endorsing Hon. Wm. A. Little, Jr., of this city, for attorney-general and instructing the delegates to vote for him.

A Traveling Salesman Flogged.

A special from Coeburn, Wise county, says that A. M. Rogers, a traveling salesman, representing Messrs. Henderson & Co., boot and shoe merchants, of Chicago, was beaten unmercifully by a mob of twenty-five citizens a few days ago for an alleged assault upon the eleven-year-old daughter of Depot Agent Utter at that place.

Rogers was taken from his hotel at Coeburn and carried about a mile from town and flogged into unconsciousness and left without medical assistance. His condition is critical. Rogers protested his innocence of the crime to the last. Several of the mob have been arrested and jailed.

A Bifle-Ball Through a Car.

While the early train from Petersburg to Richmond was running at full speed in the vicinity of Chester a rifle-ball shot by some unknown person, was fired through one of the cars. The ball made a hole through the glass of the window of the seat occupied by Mr. J. Craig Riddle, of Petersburg, just above the range of his head, and passed out through the opposite window, near which City-Treasurer Charles A. Slaughter was sitting. The fragments of glass were scattered across the car. Fortunately neither of these gentlemen was injured, but their escape was a very narrow one.

Mining Company Chartered.

The Keystone Mining Company was chartered at Roanoke by Judge Woods, of the Hastings Court. Roanoke is to be the principal office and the company will operate in Virginia and West Virginia. The capital stock is to be \$250,000. The officers elected are J. H. Bartlett, president and general manager; Horace M. Engle, vice-president; H. W. Fry, secretary, and Edmund Schaefer, treasurer.

A New Chair of Law.

At the meeting of the board of visitors of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, the chair of mercantile law and corporations was created, and Mr. William Minor Lile, of Lynchburg, elected professor. The new professor is a nephew of Mr. John B. Minor. In future there will be three full professors in the law department of the University.

An Assignment at Lynchburg.

The grocery firm of C. D. Burnett & Co., doing business at 206 and 203 Twelfth street, made an assignment with Y. E. Howard as trustee. The liabilities amount to about \$2,400.